

✓ THE 1493.T.35.
NORTHERN HERO;

MINUTELY AND IMPARTIALLY DELINEATED IN
THE LIFE OF MAJOR S-----LE,
alias HARROLD, KENNEDY, &c.

THE CELEBRATED SWINDLER:

EXHIBITING HIS

SURPRISING ADVENTURES,		AMOROUS INTRIGUES,
CURIOUS DEVICES,		UNPARALLEL'D HYPOCRISY
REMARKABLE ESCAPES,		INFERNAL FRAUDS, and
DEEP-LAID PROJECTS,		VILLAINOUS EXPLOITS,

From the Period of his Infancy to the present Year,
1786.

INTERSPERSED WITH
NUMEROUS INTERESTING ANECDOTES
OF HIS
FRAUDULENT ASSOCIATES in the METROPOLIS.

Necessary to be duly attended to by the Public at large, but
especially the Youth of both Sexes, as well as Merchants,
Tradesmen, &c. who wish to be guarded against the wily
Ways of Swindlers and Sharpers, who swarm in London.

*"An Hypocrite with his Mouth destroyeth his Neighbour; but
through Knowledge shall the Just be delivered."* SOLOMON.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for P. M'QUEEN, No. 127, Strand; and
J. FORBES, Corner of Tavistock-Court, Covent-
Garden. M.DCC.LXXXVI.

Price, One Shilling,





T H E

N O R T H E R N H E R O .

C H A P T E R I .

Old John S——le, the Covenanter, the great Progenitor of our Hero.—The Major's Birth—Religion, Education, and Progress at School in Learning.—He discovers a Propensity for Pilfering.—His Aunt deemed a Witch.—He enters the Service of a quack Doctor, exhibits, and proceeds to London.—Learns to mix Medicines, cheats his Master and Customers; promising fair to be a bright Genius as soon as his Years will conveniently permit.

THE writer of the following authentic narrative, being solely guided by truth, will not attempt to bewilder the reader in the field of fiction, or the regions of fancy. Though the numerous adventures and incidents are marvellous, they are not only probable but positive facts; well authenticated by persons who can have no interest to deceive,

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and collected from those who are far removed above mean and mercenary motives.

Our hero was born in a little town not far distant from the capital of Scotland, and descended from a celebrated field-preacher of the last century; the incidents of whose life, however remarkable, cannot properly be introduced in this place*.

* The historian of this divine assures us, that he used to act a kind of sacred drama in the pulpit, like the old monks of the Romish church. He would inform his congregation, that he had seen the Devil just before he mounted the pulpit, and that he was lying in wait to catch some of them that morning. He would then descend, retire to the vestry, mount the rostrum again, and tell them that he had been waging war with the *old one*, and had overcome him. After this he is represented as thus addressing his auditory, acting and imitating in his usual manner all the while:

“ In the day of judgement the Lord will say—when you
 “ and I go up to the gate and knock—Who is there?—It is
 “ poor old Johnny S——le, Lord.—Is it John?—How is
 “ all with you, John?—Walk in, Sir.—Who have you got
 “ along with you, John?—A parcel of poor old bonnetted-
 “ men, Lord!—Bonnetted-men, Master John! What is be-
 “ come of all your great men at the helm in Scotland?
 “ Would not Charles come along with your goodly compa-
 “ ny? Where are the great men with their fine hats, and the
 “ braw ladies with their high heads, John?—I invited them,
 “ Lord, but they would not come!—Not come! Very well,
 “ John; walk in, take your seat, sir, and the place prepared
 “ for you and these people, from all eternity: and let your
 “ kings, bishops, malignants, fine hats, and towering heads,
 “ go to h— and be d——!” *Vide Walker’s Life of John*
S——le; the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, &c.

Suffice



Suffice it to say, that the old reverend covenanter was esteemed a prophet by the people of his day, an inveterate enemy to the Whore of Babylon, all bishops, and particularly King Charles the Second; whose coronation he deplored, and whose death he anticipated.

The family of S——le continued in the covenanting and Cameronian line till the days of the Seceders*; when the father of our hero married one of that party, who left the kirk because she would not submit to sit on the stool of repentance, for bringing her boy into the world a few months sooner than what the minister and elders thought was lawful and right.

Our hero early imbibed the Calvinistical doctrines, and received predestination with his mother's milk, and was taught to talk of election and reprobation as soon as he could use his tongue. The mother dying, Mr. S——le married a lady of a low family, but a high-flown Sandimonian†; who entertaining an ungenerous disgust to the boy, occasioned his removal from the house, to a rural

* Dissenters from the established church of that country.

† These people are called *Glassites*, but more frequently *Sandimonians*, from following the tenets and principles of Sandimon; who, pretending to revive primitive Christianity, permits the laity to dispense the word and sacraments, and has introduced several odd opinions, differing from all the churches in Christendom, not here worth mentioning.

village in the South, to reside with his father's sister, a half-witted crazy old creature, who pretended to soothsaying, and gained the reputation in those parts of being a witch.

Our youth, thus situated in Berwickshire, was sent to a public school in the neighbourhood, where he soon displayed a cunning, which surprised not only his school-fellows but his master. However, he grew an apt disciple, learned to read with much facility, and could write and cast accounts to the surprise of all who knew him, before he was turned of ten years.

Several of the boys at school were dull and backward in their learning, and from such he frequently obtained victuals and halfpence for the performance of their tasks. He discovered that his master took all his arithmetic from Hill, and our hero was never easy till he found means to *borrow* one of these books from a neighbouring gentleman, who frequently admitted him to his house till he missed so many things, that he was about to blame the reputed augur his aunt, who knew nothing of the boy's roguish pranks, when he happened to detect him taking money from a drawer in the library.

By the above book he grew famous to a proverb at school. No problem could be proposed, nor question propounded, by the master, without soon meeting a solution from his little scholar, by the assistance of the author from whom they were taken.

ken. This was done with the utmost secrecy, and all the boys, as well as our artful pupil, quickly grew apparent proficient in a science which they knew very little of.

But the detection of his temporary patron, the squire, injured his character, and nobody would trust him to enter a house in the vicinity if possible to prevent it. It likewise raised the rage of the schoolmaster against his aunt, whom he considered as the immediate cause of his little villanies, as well as the subtle helper in arithmetical exercises. A young student, who had for a few weeks retired from college, and who had not yet got rid of his superstitious notions relative to witches and familiar spirits, one morning being out a-hunting, shot at what he thought was a hare, but it proved an old grey cat, which he was pleased to pronounce, in the hearing of certain rustic people, the identical forceress who lived at the village. The cat being shot in the ear, these silly folks ran to see the poor woman, whom they soon persuaded to believe that she had been out the same morning in the field, and had received the contents of the student's gun in her ear.

From this moment the poor credulous wretch fancied that she was actually what the people dreaded, and confessed things that she had no more hand in than the great Mogul. Ever after, when a cow chanced to cast her calf, or the ewes ran away from their milking; when a mare missed her foal, or a

fair maid was caught tripping on the green with her sweetheart, all the blame was laid upon the aunt of our hero, who about this time left school, and became the Tumbler to a mountebank quack doctor, who exhibited then in the adjacent market-town.

In this department our youth had ample opportunity to discover his dexterity, and gave apt intimations of a rising genius. His master being an Englishman, the boy acquired the southern accent, and before he had been long in the line of recommending the doctor's nostrums, he received a degree of impudence and effrontery which was never after to be laid aside. The son of Hippocrates having drained the town of all the ready cash that the credulous could spare, for purging pills, oriental cordials, and the rest of his medicines, proceeded towards the south, taking our hero in his train without consulting his relations, exhibiting all the way on the western road, through Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, and so on to London.

His master kept a shop on L——te-hill, and so early in life as fourteen years, employed this boy to vend his medicines to the numerous deluded patients, whom his bills brought daily to claim his assistance.

Our youthful doctor, at this period, was often dispatched to places of public resort, to give away these bills, or paste them up, and sometimes for the purpose of pulling down those of other famous doctors. By these peregrinations he grew intimate
with

with the town, and sometimes fell into the company of certain geniuses, who put him into a way of mixing medicines as well, and to answer the same purpose of injuring the health of the credulous patient, as those of his master; which manœuvre proved the means of his accumulating a considerable sum in the course of the first winter, which he pretended to have received from Scotland.

All the while our youth discovered a violent predilection for religion, associating himself with the Seceders in the city, pretending to great sobriety and sanctity at his master's, and behaving with much mock humility to all the customers, whose complaints he affected to commiserate, when he was administering his various mixtures instead of those of the doctor.

CHAPTER II.

The Doctor's Tricks exposed.—Our Hero returns with his Master to Scotland, meets Success by the way.—Obtains money of his Father's creditors, by false pretences.—Continues his vile Hypocrisy.—Robs his Father, at Prayer.—The success of the Doctor in the North.—The Artifices of his Pupil.—He makes shrewd Remarks in his Travels.—Returns to London, leaving the Empiric to carry on his Business alone.

WHAT was once said of a Prophet, may as well be applied to a doctor; for no scientific man is without honour, save in his own country.—Indeed a quack in the metropolis may justly be accounted a *swindler*, for he picks the pockets of his customers, by vending a nostrum, which at the best can do them no service. These geniuses are perpetually playing upon the simplicity of the unwary, who are strangers to their nefarious practices.

The master of our hero proved one of the most arrant empirics in the world. He had been abroad in the East-Indies as a common foldier, and on his return, when the *crimping* and *kidnapping* business failed him, set up for a doctor; pretending to have acquired his knowledge of physic from an
Indian

Indian Bramin, and had the audacity even to forge the king's letters patent, for vending a kind of *vegetable cordial*, composed of a few simples gathered from Kennington Common, instead of the hills of incense in *Arabia Felix*.

Young Master S——le was soon initiated in all the mysteries of his monstrous master. At the first, as has been observed, our novice in physic was principally employed in carrying out, or pasting up bills, and often attending his teacher to pull down the posted advertisements of the other doctors. But quickly acquiring all the science that the foldier could communicate, he had in view one day to set up for himself.

First, however, he resolved to remain in private *partnership*, till he had seen a little more of the town, and once again travelled over the country with his quack master, who, as the Hibernian said, was always most at home when he was some hundreds of miles from his own house. The doctor returned to his northern tour, as soon as the vernal season returned, and pursued his way through Yorkshire to Edinburgh, for the sake of variety, and to shew our hero the different towns at which he exhibited.

Through the boy's address and dexterity, his master met with uncommon success at every place where they halted for any considerable time.—Our youthful genius carried privately with him certain essences, powders, pills, and tinctures,
which

which turned out to good account; for whilst the doctor himself was making up medicines to remove all the maladies incident to humanity, our little empiric, like the magicians of Egypt, did so also by his enchantments, and actually brought as many plagues upon the people as his master.

The artful rogue had the cunning to keep, as well as get much money; for in the course of their journey, which lasted near three months, and brought on the pleasant days of summer, he had realized no less than fifteen guineas, which he added to his already considerable stock.

The love of money is said to be the root of all evil. It certainly proved infatuating to our youth. He had not been long in Edinburgh before he paid his father a visit at Fisher-row, in the vicinity.—Finding him much improved in his circumstances, he found means to inform himself where his property in cash chiefly lay, and resolved to finger a little of it, as the first-born of his family, and his undoubted heir apparent.

It happened that the father, at this time, was engaged in the celebration of a most solemn ordinance; and our youth, though yet very early in life, expressed an ardent desire of communicating at the sacrament. On the day previous to the solemnity, our hero appeared in the very paroxysm of piety, and went round with his father after service to visit several friends in the villages. These people beheld our youth the next day in the solemn

lemn devotion, and entertained the highest opinion of his sincerity.

The next day he paid the same people a visit by himself, carrying several bills in the name of his father for payment. They were not a little surprised at so sudden a demand, but had no suspicion of fraud or forgery in the religious boy. Of one he obtained ten pounds sterling; of another fifteen, and five of a third; the rest, with one consent, all made excuses; informing him that they would call within a few days upon his father.

At these several houses, he would not eat a morsel of bread and butter, or drink a draught of milk or whey, without taking off his hat, and solemnly craving blessing before, and returning thanks after the refreshment. This was not all, for, the same evening, he found means to slip gold and silver, to the amount of four guineas, from a drawer in the room where the family supped, whilst the candle was unlighted, and his father was employed in prayer, in the manner practiced in that country; after which our hopeful hero also performed a part in the devotion, and appeared to pray with fervour and uncommon zeal.

Solomon observes, that "Who so robs his father
" or his mother, and says it is no transgression, is a
" companion of a destroyer." However dangerous the tendency of this practice may be, we fear it is but too common in this metropolis, where more opportunity is afforded the unprincipled youths,
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and where many temptations urge them on. But let such consider, that their actions are not unobserved by HIM, whose eye is brighter than ten thousand suns. These *little* deviations from the paths of virtue lead on the heedless offender to greater lengths. It is but seldom the sinner ever has power to recede when once his mind is set on evil; and though misery and destruction as naturally attend sin as the shadow follows the opaque body by which it is made, yet, because sentence against the incorrigible is not speedily carried into execution, they persevere in their practices, till ruin ensues, and shame, the promotion of fools, suddenly overtakes them.

The doctor, soon after, proceeded with his pupil to the north side of the Forth; previous to which our hero took leave of his father with all the tokens of filial affection; and pleading poverty, obtained an handsome present, without the least discovery or suspicion of his fraud.

The favourable reception and good success which they met in Fifeshire, surpassed the doctor's most sanguine expectation. Here medical quacks find the people curious and credulous to a proverb; and was even the beast of Balaam to appear in those parts, and repeat his speech from an elevated stage, he would meet admirers. The hearts and hands of the deluded patients were open, and as long as their little money lasted, they supported
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the stage of the doctor, and the tumbling of his pupil.

At the town of Cupar, an old gentlewoman was presented a liquid, to cure her dreadful dropsy without tapping. The same mixture was sold to a man to remove his frightful dreams, and bilious complaint. The same, which in fact was composed of nothing less or more, than the juice of juniper and bitters of broomseed, was offered to all indiscriminately, as the most successful remedy within the province of the *Materia Medica*. In short, our quack acted the part of the doctor in Foote's Devil on Two Sticks; when, without regard to complaints, he ordered his man to bleed the north ward of the hospital, and purge the south; and, the next day, *vice versa*, to purge the north, and bleed the south wards.

Young S——le was not a whit behind his master in sagacity and science. He sold his own medicines, made up like the doctor's, at a cheaper rate, as he *loved* his native land, and was willing to *favour* his countrymen with the means of health for less money—all under the mask of religion—although he was a tumbler, and little better than a juggler into the bargain.

After having passed on to the north, as far as the doctor could command success, they returned, before the summer was over, to the south of Scotland, without exhibiting at the capital.

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In the course of these travels, our rising genius did not fail to make shrewd observations on the manners of the people, and the situation of their residence, so far as he thought would turn out to his future advantage, when he intended to carry his meditated projects into execution. He kept very accurately a common-place book, in which he arranged alphabetically the names of the most eminent inhabitants of towns, rich farmers and graziers in the villages, and even the most noted gentlemen of the several counties, famous for fox-hunting or gaming.

In his diary were interspersed general lists of the most celebrated beauties of cities, towns, and rural seats, with their several connections, as far as he could gain intelligence in his travels, during his residence in the several places. These remarks were not confined to his own native country, but made in all the counties through which they passed in England; and their excursion, before the commencement of winter, was extended to the west, and even to Wales.

Nor was our young traveller less curious in his remarks on the face of the country itself. He drew descriptions of the several landscapes, and made the most minute observations on places which pleased him, and afforded a fine prospect of reaping advantage.

At last the short days, and the descending rains of winter, warned the quack to return to his head-
quar-

quarters in London. He had all along the summer considered his pupil as a companion, and never treated him as a servant, but on the stage, when he obliged him to perform his tricks in tumbling. Indeed the lad was grown quite an adept in business, and yielded general satisfaction wherever he exhibited. He usually dined and supped with his master, appeared as genteel, and could speak with a better accent and address. In short, our Caledonian hero, when he proposed to set up master for himself, which was soon after his arrival in the metropolis, wanted nothing but the last finish of a capital teacher to make him a thorough proficient in quackery, and the mysteries of modern empiricism—or *scientific swindling*.

The doctor himself, during the winter, sometimes turned his mind to another branch of thriving business, which he had hitherto kept from his boy's knowledge, as he imagined. But it happened our hero was intimate with all his connections, both in London and the country, and was acquainted with his several agents and accomplices in the fraudulent line. As these are still living characters, we can only allude distantly to their actions, in the course of the future part of our narrative, and no farther than they appear in close connection with Mr. S——le, whose name at length we have not thought proper to present for a reason similar; especially as his crime will not yet subject him to a capital punishment.

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But let none of our readers controvert the facts stated in the past or following pages, because we have not ventured to be more explicit in pointing out his associates in sin.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

S——le impressed—Escapes—He is sworn to as a Deserter—Sent to the Savoy—Breaks out of Prison—He assumes the Character of a Collegian—Obtains Money—Resorts to the Roast-Beef Club—The Club described—He courts a Lady—Carries her off for Scotland, after defrauding a Linen-draper, and detected.—He is taken on the Road—Returned to London—Set at Liberty—Persuades the Lady to live with him.—He goes down to Yorkshire—Obtains Goods—Is taken in London—Sent for a Soldier—and assumes the title of Major S——le.

THE doctor, with all his cunning, neglected to have articles of agreement drawn between him and young S——le, who made his master an obedient bow, and left him. The American war was begun, and the demand for men in the sea-service being very urgent, the empiric, who had long been accustomed to deal in blood abroad, from revenge caused our hero to be impressed by a gang from Wapping, who instantly took him on board the *Nightingale*, an old hulk fitted up for the reception of unfortunate fellows, who fall into the clutches of such dealers in human flesh.

The regulating officers next day examined the impressed men on board, and passed S——le as a

fit young fellow for sea. He was carried round to the Nore, but found means to effect his escape to the Kentish coast, and reached the metropolis without much diminution of his money, which now was but little short of a hundred pounds.

His late master soon after met him in Fleet-street, and assuming an air of joy, at seeing his pupil restored from captivity, entreated him in vain to return to his service.

Our genius proved inexorable to all his fair promises, and even his threatenings, which came last in consequence of that obstinacy. The doctor, therefore, charged the youth as a deserter, had him taken before Sir John Fielding; when two soldiers swore to his person, as having been enlisted by their serjeant in Somersetshire, and S——le was sent to the Savoy prison, in order to be conveyed to the regiment.

This happening at the time when a number of disorderly young men were in the same situation, he again effected his escape with the whole body of miscreants; who knocked down the turnkey, and forced their way from the prison through the unapprised guard.

On his enlargement he repaired to the house of a friend in the city, and changing his dress to a suit of black, assumed the character of a Caledonian student in divinity; as one having passed his probation by the presbytry of a district which he named, from whom he pretended to have letters of
recom-

recommendation to several dissenting clergymen in London.

In this feigned character, which he sustained without detection a very considerable time, and with much apparent sanctity and humility, he obtained many contributions from the ministers and people of his country, and even from those of different persuasions and diametrically opposite principles. He was peculiarly intimate with the Rev. Mr. Herries, then Sunday evening lecturer of the Old-Jewry meeting, and often proved his companion in the evening for many hours, after his other lectures at Essex-house were over.

On the defection of that once famous preacher, and his precipitate flight to another church, our student in theology went over to the disciples of Sandiman, and was ushered into the mysteries of the meeting in Bull and Mouth-street, Aldersgate, and there happily joined what is called the *Roast Beef Society**.

This society admits all orders into the ministry, who hold forth from an elevated situation, in clothes of almost all the colours of the rainbow, and with gaudy fringed ruffles hanging over their knuckles. The same *priests*, who pretend to be of the most primitive order, administer the sacrament

* So denominated, because the friends of this communion dine together, after morning service, in the hall, with the utmost sociability imaginable, usually on a good sirloin, or some other substantial joints.

of the Lord's Supper every Sunday afternoon, when a collection is made, and every thing after continues quite comfortable.

This situation well suited the parsimonious disposition of Mr. S——le; as it saved him expences, put a little more cash into his pocket, and procured him connections in life, which might have proved quite eligible, had he been attentive to morality as much as he was to outward forms, and seeming sanctity.

He paid his addresses to a young lady of this denomination in the city, whose father was a wealthy merchant, but whose name must necessarily be concealed. She received him with the sincerest affection, gave her free consent, and obtained that of her parents, for the purpose of a cordial and happy union. The licence was procured, and every necessary apparatus prepared for the consummation of their mutual bliss, when a discovery was made which marred the marriage, and blasted the character of the intended bridegroom in the sight of the society. He had fraudulently obtained a large quantity of linen of a draper, under the pretence that he had an order from his father; of whom enquiry being made, by a person who had cause to suspect the son, the swindling trick was brought to light, as well as his wicked practices in robbing his father in Scotland.

However, the draper unfortunately lost his goods; for before he could prosecute the offender, he had
decamped

decamped with his proposed bride, the merchant's daughter; who, regardless of the odium cast on her lover, the remonstrances of her friends, and the dictates of reason, suffered her passion to prevail so far as to attempt a trip to Scotland.

This inconsiderate step roused all the rage of her friends, who without loss of time pursued the fugitives, and overtook them at Durham. The lady was instantly dragged from the chaise, and surrounded by her relations, who forced her to return to London without accomplishing her desired consummation. Mr. S——le was seized by the draper's agents, who attended, and being taken before a magistrate of that city, was ordered to be safely conducted to the metropolis, in order to answer to the charge of swindling.

His conductors persevered in their resolution all the way, and safely guarded their prisoner; but on their arrival at London, the linen-draper, through a principle of false mercy and lenity, suffered the culprit to escape the vengeance of the law, for that time, upon his refunding the money for the linen, and producing all he had in the world to defray the expences, silence the officers of justice, and satisfy the demand of his father, in whom originated the whole of his present trouble.

If such is the result of vice and vile dissimulation, what can be more egregious folly than the pursuit of sin? Surely there is a worm at the root of every unlawful

lawful acquisition, which must mar every pleasure in the enjoyment, or work its destruction. The sinners themselves, as well as what they obtain by prosperity in vice, are set in slippery places, perpetually approaching the verge of a precipice, from which if they fall, *they must*,—but it is not for us to pronounce the awful decree.

The hero of our piece, without a penny left in his purse, forsaken by his friends, accounting all the world his foes, and wretched beyond description, fain would have fled from the keen reflections of his own mind.

At one time he thought of returning to his own country; but how could he meet his injured father there, since he had detected his deeds of darkness? how behold the people whom he had deceived? or how reach the end of so long a journey, without money? As he disdained to work, to beg he was ashamed; and to steal or rob he was afraid. The times too were dangerous; press-gangs were prowling about the country, as well as the city, and constables every where were taking up the idle and dissipated, from motives the most mercenary.

He could not bear the thought of returning and crouching to the doctor, who had used him so basely; so taking a decent lodging in the centre of the city, he sent a letter to the lady, the merchant's daughter, for whose sake he said he had
suffered

suffered much, and proposed to do much more, if she would return a kind answer to his epistle, and deign to honour him with her charming company.

Nancy, for that is the name of this unfortunate fair one, condescended to send our hero an immediate answer, by her confident maid; informing her lover, that she proposed to meet him the next morning, at the place appointed.

The lady did meet him, and agreed to stay with her lover at his lodging, till time and opportunity favoured their second journey to the north, or a trip to Calais. It is plain the dear creature was one of the *softest* of her sex; for she readily acceded to every proposal which her lover could make—not even refusing to endeavour all in her power to procure money, by what means no matter, to answer all the purposes of their meditated expedition to the land of matrimony.

This softness, however, was not simplicity.—The fair one was no novice in intrigue. She found means to obtain a fifty pound note of her mother, under pretence that she wanted some new things at the milliners; and, having packed up all her clothes, &c. she eloped again with her lover, who helped her away with the luggage in a coach, leaving the mother to lament the loss of her daughter, and blame herself for affording her the means of so effectually making her escape.

Not daring to set out immediately, they lived together in the house, like husband and spouse, well aware that their passage, either to the north or south, was intercepted by her father's people. So the business was performed without the fiat of a priest; and, in process of time, the family was in a fair way of increasing without his benediction.

Mr. S——le, at this period, kept company with several noted gamblers, and grew so great a proficient at throwing the dice, and shuffling the cards, that he won considerable sums; but becoming as prodigal as he had formerly been parsimonious, the money, thus clandestinely procured, soon flew away on the wings of the wind.

He now also formed an intimate connection with a celebrated veteran in the swindling line, who soon made him an adept in the science, and put him upon a method of making his fortune in the mercantile manner, without the hazard of being a bankrupt, if he could keep clear of the guardians of Craven-street, and never suffer his name to be enrolled in the *Swindler's Chronicle*.

His new teacher, a person who lives in a most elegant stile at the court-end of the town, is well acquainted with the traders in all the counties of England, and has had the address to make most of them believe that he is a man of worth and probity. He dispatched our hero down to Yorkshire, advised him to take a shop in Chesterfield, on the skirts of the next county; and, by reserving the
traders

traders to him in town, obtain all the goods he could to furnish his shop.

This our genius, being an apt scholar, quickly accomplished. He went to the above town, mentioned his worthy friend of C——street, took the shop through his recommendation, and went round to all the towns of Yorkshire, buying large quantities of woollen-drapery goods, with as much confidence as if he had intended to pay for them.

But instead of dispatching these goods to Derbyshire, he, agreeable to their concerted plan, sent them off by the waggon to London, ordering them to be delivered at certain private places, and following them fast, to be present in person at, or soon after the delivery.

The country trading-people being informed of his manœuvres, discovered his real intention, and apprised the Society of Guardians against Swindlers of their suspicion. These gentlemen soon found out what manner of man the principal in this plot truly was, and advised the tradesmen to seize on the agent, the moment they could find him. In consequence of this advice, they repaired to the inn where the goods were unladed, and there learned from the book where they had actually been delivered. It appeared, upon the whole, that our young genius had sadly for himself mismanaged his business, for he was found by the tradesmen in one of the houses where the goods were deposited.

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They instantly procured proper assistants, and had our hero seized with the goods, carrying the first to Woodstreet Compter, and taking the latter to a place of safety.

Mr. S——le having incautiously kept what cash he possessed in his pockets, was robbed of it all in the night, by the thieves in the strong-room, where they were lodged in his company.

Next morning, being taken before the Lord Mayor, he was sent for a soldier to the Savoy, where he was pleased immediately to assume the title of Major S——le; by which military appellation we shall in future sometimes have occasion to distinguish our *Northern Hero*.

CHAP.

C H A P T E R IV.

The Major, incapable of escaping by any Plan, is sent to Gravesend in a Lime-barge.—He makes his escape as marching to Chatham, and returns to London.—Is retaken by Payne the Constable; conducted to the Savoy; conveyed to the Barracks at Chatham, where he cohabits with his Fair-one, and escapes in Woman's Apparel.—He returns to his former Courses in London; sets off for the West; obtains Goods to a large Amount, by Fraud and Collusion; and sets his Mind on an amorous intrigue with a lady near Bristol.

GREAT was the lady's alarm, when news of the Major's captivity was carried to her by his master, the now discovered swindler. She immediately visited him in prison, strove all in her power to alleviate his distress, but could by no means procure his enlargement.

The Major, though greatly disguised in dress, was recognized by the keeper, who informing the Captain that he had got one of the fellows in custody who had escaped, our Caledonian was secured, and none of his friends were suffered to come near him.

He heard that the Captain's lady was a Methodist, and a very religious person, which induced him to draw up a long epistle in the canting stile; which
had

had so much influence on the lady, that he was freed from his chains, and his spouse, as the merchant's daughter was deemed, again permitted to visit him.

With these indulgences he was enabled to carry on a more intimate correspondence with the *religious*, who strove all in her power with the Captain to get the Major released.

The Captain remained inexorable to the entreaties of his lady, and at last sent the Major away one morning in a lime-barge to Gravesend, in company with above fifty picked up fellows; who were supposed to be nuisances to society, and, like our genius, had lived upon the plunder of the public.

From Gravesend a party of the Guards were appointed to escort the prisoners to Chatham barracks; but by the way the Major and the fellow to whom he was chained broke asunder their bolts, and made a precipitate retreat from the rank into a thick copse, and from thence ran across a plain. As they gained the ascent of a hill, one of the soldiers levelled his firelock at the fugitives, and desperately wounded the companion of the Major, whilst he made his escape without receiving the least injury.

He passed over the country many miles before he halted, and returned to London the same evening, much fatigued and greatly distressed.

He was now urged to enter upon a new species of sharpening, in which he soon grew dexterous; which

which was the stale practice of seducing unwary countrymen to gamble, and, in confederacy with his associates, win all their money. The variety of tricks used in such cases are too well known to be mentioned in this place.

Thus proceeding, perhaps incautiously, in the city, Payne the constable discovered S——le at an infamous house, and again taking him before the Chief Magistrate, he became once more an intimate of the Savoy.

It was in vain now to form any plan of escaping from such a strong place, perpetually guarded with armed men, whose number was doubled after the first insurrection. There was now another party of impressed men ready to embark on board the lime-barge, and with them our hero was conducted to Chatham; his character following fast at his heels.

Here our Major was cloathed in scarlet, though the cut of his coat was unsuitable to his rank.—But he was a prisoner, and seldom suffered to take the field unless when well guarded.

He sent for his lady, and she was suffered to lie in the room with him. She found means, though a centinel stood within, and about fifteen other impressed men were lodged in the same apartment, to dress the Major in her own clothes; in which dress he was suffered to withdraw, without the least suspicion on the part of the guard.

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The lady, now dressed in the Major's new uniform, was the ostensible person. The affair was soon discovered. She was taken before the Governor of the garrison, who obliged her, by threats, to send for her friends. She was now, with infinite reluctance, under the dreadful necessity of writing to her father, and divulging the whole affair. He quickly attended the Captain, and was obliged to satisfy that military mercenary, by paying a high ransom for the fugitive, whom we must now follow to the metropolis.

Our hero soon threw off his effeminate habiliments, but had not resolution to change his abandoned life. He again associated with swindlers, and again was chosen as the agent of his chief master in Westminster; who had removed his dwelling to another street near Berkley Square, and now appeared in great splendour, keeping his carriage and equipage in a style far superior to all his former glory and grandeur.

But the splendor of such mimics of men, far above their sphere, is mere shew, grimace and deception. Their houses, which they take through the recommendation of other great swindlers, are certainly superb, and without doubt have all the sumptuous air of nobility; but within they resemble an ancient Egyptian temple, which contained nothing but a cat, a pied bull, and a monkey.

The servants in livery which these mock merchants and sham tradesmen shew in their halls or
ride

ride out with, are in fact their equals; being as great sharpers, and adepts in all the arts of defrauding, as their apparent masters.

Indeed these callous cunning men generally act the parts of Archer and Aimwell in the play, being masters by turns, and changing as necessity requires at every turn, the better to carry on their plots, and delude the unsuspecting simple who are most struck with ostentation and every thing that appears magnificent.

In the Summer of 1779, soon after our hero's escape from Chatham, he took a ride to the west of England, accompanied by a young fellow, an inbred and veteran swindler, in the character of a servant. To recapitulate all his tricks in the course of this tour would compose a whole volume, a few sketches of his exploits may in this narrative suffice.

He travelled as far as the Land's-end in Cornwall, through Surry, Hampshire, Wilts, Dorset, and Devon; and in each county obtained such goods as peculiarly belong to it; for all which he paid the manufacturers in bills drawn upon his employer, to whom he referred; and who having accepted them as payable when due, received the goods from the country.

In this manœuvring, our hero was often successful enough to put a considerable sum in cash into his pocket, by receiving change for promissory
notes,

notes, bills, &c. from the trades-people, on the supposition that they were good paper currency.

At a town in Wiltshire, famous for it's manufacture of superfine cloth, he ordered pieces of broad cloth to the amount of five hundred pounds, and had them sent to town on exchanging a draught on an eminent banker for six hundred.

Here the supposed servant seemed an artless, filly, simple, half-clownish fellow. The master gave him ample opportunity to be alone at the inn, where the people who had received orders used to pump him over a handsome treat, and making him a little present. They imagined that they received every piece of necessary intelligence relative to the agent, whom he represented, in an aukward way, as the son of an Alderman of London, of immense fortune, who, for the present summer, had condescended to suffer his heir and only boy to see a little of the world, and acquire some knowledge of business; resolving to bring his son up to industry and activity, though he was quite certain that he should never want to set up in trade.

This artful fellow, whose name was John Wheeler, then expatiated, in the manner of a half idiot, on the heaps of cash which he had carried from his master to the several bankers in the metropolis, whom he named; and dwelt particularly on the large sums which passed in trade between the great merchant, near Berkley-square, and the alderman.

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This was a bait sufficient to catch all the gaping gudgeons of the west. The traders raised their prices, representing the scarcity of hands in the various branches, since the commencement of hostilities, and the dearness of Spanish wool, on account of the war. The agent listened to their tales of complaint, proposed to take a less quantity of goods for the present, till trade was a little mended, and offered to pay them in ready money, at the usual prices.

This made the manufacturers change their tone, and come down to his terms, providing he would favour them with large orders; not minding the money so much as his friendship, and the constant custom of his worthy employer. They then, on observing him relent, eagerly pressed him to double his demand, and employed all their soothing strains, in begging that he would—*pick their pockets!*

At Dauntou he changed sides with John, and was instantly the servant. Wheeler pretended to be employed by a great wine-merchant of London, to give an order for cyder and perry, he did not care how many hogsheds. The cyder-makers thought they well knew for what purpose our agent wanted to purchase the perry, and therefore resolved to keep up their price, under the pretext that the crop had failed the preceding year, and that of the present was very unpromising.

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The pretended agent, after discovering signs of deep concern, talked of crossing over to Herefordshire, and so have the liquor which he wanted conveyed to London by land-carriage, giving the people time, however, to consider his overtures.

The next day, being Sunday, August 22, the cyder-merchants, observing our hero, now the servant, at the Presbyterian meeting, found an opportunity of founding him, after service, at an inn, concerning the wine-merchant and his master.

S——le cast off all his usual politeness and easy address, and affected to speak in the Scots dialect, in a broad clumsy manner, so that they could not understand him but by an interpreter, a pedlar, who lived in the town, whom they employed to talk to him.

Could we with propriety in this place present the whole of the dialogue between these two countrymen, we should be considered as possessing two ludicrous a turn for writers of real facts, and more inclined to levity than furnishing lessons of morality and apt instruction in our true history. We therefore briefly touch on those incidents which tend to create laughter; and here only observe, that the amount of the colloquy was a feigned confession, on the part of S——le, that his master's employer was a balderdasher of wines; and it was his business to buy as much cyder as he could, to mingle with the Lisbon, and all the perry in his power to turn
it

it immediately, without a miracle like that in Cana, into good Mountain or Madeira. As to the merchant's character as a man of property, he believed that he had gold enough to purchase all the wine in France, all the cyder and perry in England, all the rum of the West Indies, all the ale in Great Britain and all the barley into the bargain in Scotland; for he was a *muckle* merchant, late of Jamaica, had still many hundreds of slaves, and was about to buy a borough in Cornwall at the next general election, and then was a common councilman of London.

They plied our seeming simple servant, till they supposed he was drunk, then bribing him with some silver, hoped he would recommend their liquor to his master, as superior to the cyder and perry of any other place.

In fine, on the Monday morning, the cyder manufacturers found the agent more pliable to their wishes; he gave them a large order, paid them a small part in bank-notes, and gave them bills for the remainder, to be discounted three months after the delivery of the goods, which were sent to Bristol to be embarked on board a vessel, under convoy, bound for London.

At Bristol our hero again assumed the gentleman, and was actually in company at a tavern in that city, with one of the principal cyder merchants with whom Wheeler had traded, and passed for a fellow of fine breeding and the most polite

behaviour, without detection. Here the merchant on enquiring the character of his friend in London, whose agent had favoured him with a large order, received the highest satisfaction imaginable, and thought himself perfectly safe in the payment of the money at the expiration of the term agreed upon.

In this city our hero was informed of a celebrated beauty at a village in the vicinity, who wanted a young gentleman for a husband, and to manage her fortune, which was very considerable, and all in the stocks. This news was conveyed by the cyder merchant in a fit of hilarity, who at the same time affectionately wished that our hero would make his overtures to the fair one, then helpless and forlorn, having lost her parents since the commencement of the present troubles, for all the young officers of the navy were gone to the wars upon the dangerous ocean, against the enemies of their king and country.

This tale ingrossed the whole attention of Mr. S——le, who, however, said little in return to his informer; but politely taking leave of the company, retired to his chamber, and set about forming a plan to gain the lady—or at least her money.

CHAPTER V.

Bent on the Intrigue, he cheats a Taylor.—Meets the Lady, attends her to the Play.—Supps with her at her House.—Assumes a new Character.—Gains her consent to marry.—Obtains her Money, and leaves her. Returning to London, he sells his Goods, turns Methodist; cheats a Taylor by a new Trick; defrauds a Bookseller, &c.

HAVING, by discounting bills and feigned notes, accumulated a considerable sum in cash, Mr. S—— equipped himself and servant for the intrigue with the fair lady of Somersetshire. He ordered a taylor in the city of Bristol to make him a superb suit of naval uniform, and a new suit for his supposed servant; but put him off with fair promises from day to day, pretending that he could not get a five hundred pound note changed.

Thus attired, and assuming the character of a sea-lieutenant, he took frequent occasion to pass through the village where he was informed the lady lived, mounted on a prancing horse, and his servant gaily dressed behind him on a sorrel mare.—He soon chanced to see the object of his desire over the garden wall, when he pulled off his hat and bowed to her, which compliment she returned; when he, as we have formerly hinted, not being

troubled with *mauvaise honte*, immediately accosted her, and, after some conversation, begged leave to present her a ticket for the play at Bristol that evening; humbly soliciting the favour of her dear delightful company in one of the side-boxes. The lady at first refused, but, after some entreaty of the lieutenant, she complied with his ardent request, and actually honoured him with her presence at the time appointed. This forward disposition in the fair-one can only be accounted for on the principle suggested by the cyder-merchant, mentioned in the foregoing chapter; but though her conduct may be reckoned rash, yet, under her peculiar circumstances, her propensity was perfectly natural and excuseable.

The play, which was acted to their mutual satisfaction, being closed, our lovers withdrew to the village; for the lady in her turn, now the ice was broken, could do no less than invite the lieutenant to supper. This afforded our adventurer ample opportunity of telling the lady a pleasant tale, which so struck her gentle ear, and moved her susceptible heart, that the lieutenant soon saw that he was not far from a complete conquest.

Meanwhile the house-keeper, at the nod of her fond mistress, strove all in her power to entertain the servant in the hall, and learn from him all the circumstances she could, that might lead to a thorough discovery of his master.

Wheeler,

Wheeler, in his seemingly artless way, informed the fair enquirer, that the lieutenant was no less a personage than the Marquis of C——n, just about to retire from the sea-service, to prove of more essential use to his royal master as a principal servant in the state. As to his fortune, that was immense beyond description, and nothing was wanting in his noble family but a Marchioness, to make him completely happy.

This intelligence the house-keeper did not fail soon to communicate to her mistress, who began to think she had proceeded too far already in using such freedom with a personage of his elevated rank. The shyness which she shewed was easily seen by the Marquis to be but affected. He minded the language of her eyes, spoke home effectually to her heaving heart, and obtained her leave to revisit her the next morning.

The Marquis had learned already what money she had in the public funds, and all his aim was to get the whole of it into his hands.

He attended the unsuspecting lady again, and assured her that his intentions were truly honourable. In short, the mock-marquis carried on his courtship from day to day, till he actually gained the lady's consent to bestow her hand.

The farther the house-keeper carried her enquiry of the pretended servant, the more she was satisfied that his master was in fact what he but feign-

ed to be, a nobleman of high birth and the strictest honour.

To be more succinct, the Marquis one morning, in the garden, took occasion to mention how much a-year he meant to settle upon the lady at their marriage; when she, in return, informed him, that she had five hundred pounds in the South-Sea stocks, bearing interest but three and a half per cent.—No more! exclaimed the Marquis with an air of wonder:—I mean, no more interest than you mention! Were the money under my management, Madam, I could procure you above ten per cent.

This declaration struck the lady, who instantly replied, My Lord, your Lordship may have the principal transferred this instant to your own name. This was done the same day, and the poor deluded fair-one was too much fascinated by the abominable deceiver to perceive his mercenary purpose, which would have been obvious enough to any person but one in love. The Marquis having completely done his business, without, however, farther injury to the lady, resumed his mercantile attire, and rode off for London, without paying his tailor, satisfying his stable-keeper, or returning the horses, and even without taking leave of the lady. His first object was to get the money. That done, he received his share of the goods, and the broad cloth, tin, cyder, perry, &c. were put up to sale by auction.

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It was not long before all these frauds were discovered. The principal swindler was obliged to abandon his mansion, and shift his situation to a remote quarter of the town. S——le and his servant were accurately described in the public prints, and a reward offered for apprehending them, or any of the connection in the line of swindling.

Our hero now disguised himself, and appeared in sables as a Methodist parson; which character he could sustain with as much propriety as any one of the Foundery or the Tabernacle; to which places he very frequently resorted, for a purpose the most abominable—to carry on his frauds on unsuspecting people, by that hypocrisy for which he appeared to be formed from his cradle.

It appeared plainly, that, about this period, Mr. S——le resumed his parsimonious practices, as he lived more miserable in proportion to his acquiring more money. Indeed he durst not be much seen in high life, as the alarm of his numerous frauds was reverberated around the town.— Seeking an asylum under a semblance of sanctity, he applied to the trustees of a celebrated preaching-place, to be admitted to the ministry. He found, however, that the disciples of Whitefield were too tenacious of their credit and character to be so easily duped by a pretender to religion; for, upon proper enquiry, they discovered that their *probationer* was as destitute of morality as he was of abilities to fill the station he solicited.

He

He did not fail to feign the character, notwithstanding his rejection, and had frequently the fortune to defraud several members of the society out of little sums in the way of trade, by purchasing goods, and never paying a penny for them.

He employed a taylor of that profession to make him a suit of black, with a Bath great coat for the winter. When the man carried home the things, being ushered into the hall of a decent house, he was waited upon by a strange gentleman, as he thought, dressed in a naval uniform, with a bagwig, highly powdered, and assuming an air of gaiety, which little made him suppose, that he was his customer Mr. S——le, for whom he enquired, telling the imagined stranger that he had brought home his clothes agreeable to order.

My brother, whom I believe you mean, Sir, said nothing to me about clothes, replied our disguised saint, but if you chuse to leave the things, he shall have them the moment he comes in.

The taylor hesitating, our hero continued, I may as well pay you for him. How much is the money? Have the clothes been fitted on? Can you give me change for a fifty?

Here our swindler held out a fifty pound note, which the taylor told him he could not change.— He left the suit and great coat, said he would call again, and that he was not in the least afraid of the money, in dealing with a gentleman like the Reverend Mr. S——le. Before he called again,
which

which was the next morning, the reverend gentleman was fled, and his shade, his supposed brother, into the bargain.

He defrauded a bookseller in the Strand of ten pounds worth of books, pretending to be an ensign in the guards. He called in his carriage, with two footmen behind it, was shewed the books without removing from his seat, agreed in the purchase, and held out a draught on a banker for fifty pounds. The bookseller, hearing by his tongue he was dealing with his countryman, and seeing him in so eminent a situation, only enquired his name, that he might book the sum till he had leisure to call again. The swindler gave him a name, but forgot to call upon his kind countryman.

Before we finish this chapter, we would observe, that the story of the lady of Somersetshire, much disguised, and marred like truth in the Heathen mythology, appeared last winter in some of the news-papers in London. Being false in point of locality and the description of persons, it was no wonder that Sir Sampson Wright was led to treat the tale as a fable. The time also when the transaction was supposed to happen, was laid no less than six years from the real date.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

Our Swindler proceeds a step farther in Vice.—He decoys a Stranger into a House of ill fame, where, finding all his usual Arts ineffectual to attain his Cash, he, assisted by two of his Companions, robs the poor Fellow, who is afterwards sent to Sea by the Interference of the Publican.—He gets into Limbo—Released by Rioters—Is sent on board a Ship.—Taken to France.—Returns to England.—Privately steals money from a Publican.

VIRTUE and vice may be aptly compared to two great circles. The centre of the first is *perfect peace*, that of the latter *consummate misery*. All the lines, however numerous, which are drawn from the circumference of each, meet in one *point*.—These various lines adumbrate the paths of duty, or the ways of sin. In the first, whichever of these paths the good man pursues, he will be happy in the end, and in the second, on whatever road the transgressor goes, he must be miserable at last.

Indeed, a person of a vicious character, who has gone to the extremity of sin in one line, will think but little of pursuing vice in any other. A little pilferer, if he durst, and had opportunity, would commit a burglary or a highway robbery.—A smuggler would rob the Exchequer, and impoverish

verish the whole kingdom, if it lay in his line; and a swindler, than whom no character can possibly be farther from good, never sticks at the commission of the greatest enormity, if it falls in with his immediate plan of advantage.

Every man who contracts a debt, which he never means to discharge, may justly be deemed a *secondary felon*, and to behold him after in the character of a *primary one*, would not prove matter of much admiration.

Our premising this much will not appear impertinent, perhaps, before the reader has come to the close of the following pages of this authentic history of the hero, whose exploits have hitherto been confined to swindling.

He happened one evening, in the Winter of 1779, to meet a young man at the Barn, in St. Martin's-lane, near Charing-cross, whom he enticed into one of his *own* houses in the neighbourhood. Being a Caledonian, the stranger made free with his countryman, and among other affairs informed him that he was just come to London; and having saved forty pounds in a gentleman's service, as a baker, intended to set up as soon as he could, in the metropolis.

Mr. S——le advised his countryman to be cautious, and say but little in company, as there were many sharpers about, who lay in wait to deceive the unwary. He next proceeded to give the young man some salutary advice; telling him, above all,
to

to take care of people belonging to Scotland, who were not of a religious cast ; observing, that where a man forgets his duty to his Maker, it is not likely that he will much regard man. Our hero then asked him what party, or religious society, he belonged to ? He said to the Seceders in Bow-lane. That, returned S——le, fired with a kind of transport, is the identical place where I attend worship, and to that religion I was brought up from my infancy.

S——le soon found that the youth, though he owned that he carried all his cash about him at the time, was cautious enough already, without his needless lectures ; for he refused to spend sixpence in company, and would not play a game at cards.

The young man, as he has since informed us, began to consider his countryman as a *sharp* himself, though he said he was a Seceder, and accordingly was upon his guard. He was about to think of withdrawing, when in came two young fellows dressed like bakers ; which occasioned him to call for another pint of porter, to have an opportunity of talking with them.

But one of them pulled out a pack of cards, and, without ceremony, asked if either, or both, of the gentlemen would play a game with him and his shop-mate.

S——le readily offered to play, providing his countryman would also take a hand. The stranger
peremp-

peremptorily rejected the overture, and used some expression which S——le was pleased to deem improper. The young man, unterrified, repeated the word *sharper*, and our hero that instant put out the candle.

The stranger now found all the three engaged against him. They threw him down on the floor. He cried out as loud as he could, but nobody came to his assistance. They robbed him of all his money, and then ran off; but which way the confused countryman could not tell, but believed that it was at a private door.

The landlord at last came with a light, appeared surprised to miss the gentlemen who had been in company, and made no scruple to tell his remaining customer, that he came with them on purpose to bilk the house.

In vain he informed the sinful publican, that he had been robbed by the three men; he was told, that was a common plea with such sharpers, who staid behind—only because they had not time enough to get away.

The house happened at the time to be a place of rendezvous for a press-gang, and the unfortunate fellow was delivered over to the lieutenant; who, with his men, hurried him away to the east end of the town, and carried him on board the regulating ship off the Tower. He was soon after put on board a frigate, and so sent abroad to the West Indies. He was stationed there when Ad-
miral

miral Rodney fought the French fleet, on the 9th and 12th of April, 1782; and being happily preserved in every danger, was, by his wages and some little prize-money, on his return enabled to carry that resolution into practice which he proposed to have done at the time of his misfortune.

The baker has often seen S——le, since he returned to London, and says, he should know his face if his head was stuck upon Temple-bar; but, for several prudential reasons, as well as his notion that the offender has since cancelled all his former crimes in the eye of the law by having been abroad in the King's service, he has declined a prosecution.

The reader will agree with the young baker, that all the three were sharpers alike, and met on purpose to perpetrate the robbery, in case they could obtain the money by no other means. That the publican also was concerned, can hardly be doubted. But he is since gone to his account, for the inhuman act of causing the man to undergo a long and painful captivity, as well as for all his other crimes.

In the Spring of 1780, when Mr. S——le intended to have taken a tour to the North, to try his chance in his own country, he fell under the lash of the law, and was matriculated at King's college, St. George's Fields, as a fit *fellow* for that famous university, which has bred more lawyers than Westminster-hall and all the inns of court put together.

together. Here our hero met several of his old associates in Swindling; who, like himself, on a forlorn hope, were employed in maturing their plans, and assisting each other in their studies. In this place our *Master of Arts* restored his title of Major, wore scarlet and lace, with a cockade, giving himself out to be an officer in the *Russian service*.

The Major well knew, that he could never receive any benefit from an act of grace, and therefore was considering his fate as cruel and deplorable; when, lo, the multitude of thieves and swindlers who were not in captivity, set him and the rest of their brethren free, on the memorable seventh of June, 1780.

Some who are disposed to exalt the courage and resolution of the Major, have positively affirmed, that he was actually on the same evening in Bloomsbury-square, when the house of Earl Mansfield was demolished, and his books and parchments committed to the flames; and that afterwards he ran with the rabble to the Bank of England, with a design to make his fortune at once. But one can hardly suppose he would have assisted the mob against his *countryman* for the sake of burning the *law*, which he so little regarded; and as to the Bank, before it were placed bands of armed men, firing their pieces amidst the mob—and it is well known that the Major is as inimical to powder and ball, as any man who ever lived in the metropolis.

This Summer, finding the climate too warm in London, the Major *entered* on board a ship of war, but not as a *volunteer*.—Payne, that busy reforming marshalman, chanced to meet his old friend in the very centre of the city, at an alehouse in Lombard street, and so procured him the above birth.

He remained not many months at sea, before the ship was taken by the French, with several others, and carried into Brest. The Major was conducted on shore, and taken to prison; but soon procured his liberty, by betraying the cause of his fellow-prisoners, when they were meditating an escape.

A Caledonian in France is more esteemed than any other foreigner of the Protestant religion. The Major offered his service to government, as a spy, if he was permitted to return to Britain. But, as we do not mean to paint the Devil in more fable colours than he deserves, whether he ever acted as such we will not at present pretend to say. Certain, however, it is, that he returned to England before the winter was over.

For in January, 1781, the Major, not dressed in his Russian regimentals, but appearing as a private gentleman, went into a public house, not far from the place where he last was captured by the marshalman, and, in company with another genteel genius, ordered a barrel of oysters to be sent to an inn in Bull and Mouth-street,—charging the
landlord

landlord to be very punctual to his time, and be sure to let the oysters be of the best natives.

He then assumed an air of gaiety, hummed a tune, pulled out an handful of gold or counterfits, saying,—O no! I think I will pay for the oysters when they come. He then informed the landlord that he particularly wanted a Queen Anne's guinea, to have it placed on the lid of a tankard, which was making by person whose name he mentioned, which he purposed to present to an old great-grandmother, as it would please the old gentlewoman, and she was worth *tickling*, for her money in the stocks, besides her estate in the country, was above five thousand pounds.

The landlord, without any suspicion of his customer's character, drew out a handful of guineas, and bade him chuse one. He turned the money over and over, and at last could not find what he wanted. The landlord put up his cash, and the gentlemen went away. The oysters being immediately sent, it was discovered that none had been ordered to be left at the inn, so they were returned. The landlord now thinking that there must have been something in the wind with his genteel customers, carefully counted his cash, and quickly discovered that our hero had, *very privately*, taken more than enough to crown his great-grandmother's tankard.

CHAPTER VII.

A curious authentic Story of Sir G. P. Mr. ———, and two Ladies.—The Major obliges Sir G. to marry Miss Fanny, but fails in his Attempt with the other Lovers. Our Hero assumes Grandeur, defrauds a Coachmaker.—Obtains Money of Mr. F. the Hatter in Fleet-street.—Is hunted and taken.—Sent to Newgate, under a variety of charges, is brought to the Bar.—His Trials are put off, by the Plea of his Counsel, till the next Session.

FROM the above period, there appears a chasm in the life of our Major. Not that he could long remain inactive, but we deem the incidents too common and trivial to lay before the public; and even these have not been so clearly authenticated to us as we could wish. The preceding pages of our narrative point to none but incontestible facts; the future are still more irrefragable, as they approach the present day.

Two amiable ladies, of little fortune, but superior beauty, were lately counted at the same time, by two gentlemen, the one Sir G. P——, the other Mr. ———, an Hibernian fortune-hunter.

The Major, by some of his manœuvres, insinuated himself into the favour and friendship of these females,

females, at Brighthelmstone, and afterwards often visited them in London.

These ladies discovered, that their lovers wanted the principal ingredient in the mixture of amorous sincerity. This discovery arose from the uncommon familiarity which they exercised at every visit; these liberties increased every time, and at length arose even to indecency.

Miss Fanny, whom Sir G. paid his addresses to, was on the point of forever discarding him, when she happened to communicate her complaint to the Major, to whom she opened her mind without reserve.

Our hero having learned the character of her lover, undertook to try an expedient, in order to compel him to act upon a better principle. His plan was approved by Miss Fanny, who apprised our hero of the precise period when she expected a visit from Sir G.

The hour came, the Major was admitted to the lady's apartment, and concealed himself in the closet. The Baronet entered, full of glee, half seas over as the saying is, and eagerly run to court the tender embraces of Miss Fanny.

After endeavouring to soothe her with fair future promises, and finding her inexorable to his present purpose, he resolved to perform by force, what fraud could not effect. In short, he attempted to act the part of Hastings in the chamber scene with Jane Shore, when the Major, like another Dumont,

mont, bursted out of the closet into the room, and surprised the Baronet, by presenting a pistol to his breast, bidding him take one of them, and give him the satisfaction which the injured honour of the lady demanded.

The Major trembled as he uttered his speech, but the worthy Baronet shook in every limb, and by no means would accept the Major's overture.— This, our hero soon perceiving, plucked up his spirits, raised his tone, and peremptorily demanded due satisfaction, by either entering into a bond to marry the lady immediately, or meet the reward of his temerity.

The Baronet was obliged to comply, by giving a bond, upon stamp paper, which the Major had ready for the purpose, for no less than ten thousand pounds, to be paid directly if he did not comply with the condition to marry Miss Fanny.

Sir G. fulfilled the agreement, the bond was cancelled, and the Major reaped considerable advantage from the adventure. This appears the best trait in his character, and it would be unjust to conceal any thing that has the least appearance of virtue, even in the most vicious person.

The other lady, Miss Nancy, seeing the success of her fair companion, requested her intimate, the Major, to try his skill and courage also in her service, by adopting a mode of conduct similar to the above. He consented, hid himself in the closet of the same room, and waited the coming of the lover.

He

He came to his time, warmly caressed the fair one, swore he loved her, and in a word proceeded to act upon a plan highly scandalous, and derogatory to the character of a man of honour.

In the very paroxysm of the lover's passion, the Major made his appearance with pistols, and, as in the other instance, demanded satisfaction with fear and trembling.

"Arrah, my dear!" exclaimed the Hibernian, "but if you are disposed for fighting, I am with all my heart, for I have not had a duel for many a long day, my dear!"

This was language which the Major but ill relished. He laid down one of the pistols on the table, and durst not say a word more for his soul. He was about to retire, when the Hibernian ran before him, saying, "My dear honey, and where would you be going to? Sure you are a fine fit fellow to guard a lady.—But stay, my dear honey, and let us see what is in these pistols; for if there is not powder, as well as ball, by —— they will do us no harm."

The young lover now drew the pistols, and found they were only charged with powder. He then ordered the Major to go immediately over the way for some balls—but though he pretended to go out for that purpose, yet he never returned.

Though the above little story has something in it of the air of fiction, it is known by several people in high life, to be positively true in every iota.—

It

It was communicated to us by a gentleman of probity, who is as far removed from duplicity, as the Major appears to be from sincerity, in his general conduct to the world.

The Major, from this period, assumed a stile of elegance and splendour unattempted before; enlarging his connections with the fraternity of his stamp, and altering his numerous names and titles, without his Majesty's royal licence, or obtaining leave at the Herald's-office.

He defrauded a coach-maker in Long-acre of an elegant carriage, in an assumed character, which he was very particular in, by ordering it to be constructed in the fashion of the Prince of Wales's carriage.

He went by many more names than we wish to enumerate, and, amongst other titles, restored to his family that of the Marquis of C——n. Proteus never appeared in more shapes; but the last act of his play was performed in the character of the Russian Officer, Major S——le; the scenes of which we now proceed to represent, agreeable to truth.

In his military character the Major called upon Mr. F——m in Fleet-street, politely informed him what he was, and said he came recommended by a person whom the tradesman well knew, a Mr. R——n.

He ordered Mr. F. who is a hatter, to make several hats for two ladies of his acquaintance, and
strictly

strictly charged him to fabricate them in the most fashionable manner imaginable. Mr. F. received the order with the utmost respect, and promised to fulfil his engagement to the time, and in manner as well as he could.

The Major was about to depart, when appearing suddenly to recollect himself, he took a paper out of his pocket-book, and expressed a desire to get change for the draught; for, said he, I am at present quite out of cash, and want a few guineas on a very particular occasion.

Mr. F. entertaining a high opinion of his customer, as well from his supposed recommendation as the honourable rank he sustained in the Russian service, very frankly offered to lend him what his exigencies required; but looking into his pocket for the sum wanted, he found that he had no guineas that were weight, and therefore stepped out and borrowed some on purpose from a neighbour. The Major with much apparent gratitude accepted the offer, and promised to return the money when the hats came home.

He then requested Mr. F. to call a coach.—One came to the door, which he did not like; he therefore stepped out, and chose one which was extremely remarkable in its construction, and so politely took leave of the tradesman.

The fraud was soon discovered, as Mr. R——n knew nothing of the Major. Mr. F. much chagrined at the duplicity of the artful fellow, and ac-
tuated

uated by a zeal for the public welfare, which redounds much to his credit and honour, resolved to spare no pains or cost to bring such a miscreant, who without remorse could proceed in his depredations on the public, to justice, and the shame which he deserved.

He apprised the magistrates of Bow-street, through whom so many offenders are detected, and the haunts of such pests in society found out. In fine, he determined to use every effort in his power, and take every prudent step which the ingenuity of man could suggest, to effect his purpose.

With an unparalleled perseverance, he pursued from place to place this obnoxious offender. No stag, turned out in a royal chase, was ever more ardently or closely pursued by hunters, than the Major was by the latter. Yet he gained ground, skipped over the lawns, hid himself in the thickets, and tried all his skill to elude the eager pursuer.

But Mr. F. proved steady to his purpose, being resolutely bent on the chase, which in the end was a woeful hunting indeed to the poor Major; who, driven out of all his refuges in the city and its suburbs, attempted to soothe the soul of his follower, by a submissive pathetic epistle.

He declared to Mr. F. that he was well aware of his pursuit, and entreated him to give it over. He declared that he was actually the character which he represented, an officer in the Empress's service.

service. He then mentioned his honoured father, far distant in the country, who was a gentleman of vast property, strict honour, and would be much hurt in his feelings for his son, if the dignity of his house was degraded by a prosecution. He pled present poverty, promised to refund the money, and make every matter perfectly agreeable to Mr. F. if he would allow him a little time.

But all this, and much more, could not move the constant mind of Mr. F. who by no means considered so nefarious a character as meriting the least mixture of mercy. Mercy to such a man, so situated, must be misanthropy to all mankind.

At length the huntsman gained a view of the fugitive. He saw the Major, one day, in a carriage, in a public street, near the centre of the city, in the identical coach which he chose when he obtained the money. Mr. F. called out to the driver to stop; but the fellow, who well knew whom he was driving, having carried him often to all sorts of places but churches and chapels, would not halt, but whipped on the horses, and drove away as fast as he could.

Still, however, Mr. F. chaced our hero, and traced the coach as far as Fenchurch-street. Here the coach being stopped by accident in its progress, the Major, as the last effort in his power, leaped from his seat, and sprang into the banking-house of Mr. Hankey.

He

He ran behind a counter, fell on his knees, and most ardently implored protection of Smith the porter; assuring him that his father, a great gentleman in the country, would well reward him for his humanity.

Being asked the cause of his perturbation and trembling, he declared that the bailiffs were in close pursuit, and if they found him, and cast him into prison, he would never be suffered to come out alive.

When he beheld the mob at the door, for the huntsman and his hounds had regained the scent, he attempted to rush up stairs, but was prevented by the porter, and delivered up to the mercy of Mr. F. who thrust him into a coach, and took him before a magistrate. After examining a number of people, who charged the Major with frauds, he was committed to Newgate, for trial at the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey.

On the last day of that session, the Major, being brought to the bar, pled by counsel the informality of the indictment which Mr. F. had preferred against him, and moving that the trial might be postponed till the next sessions. The court granted the request in all the charges, and the prisoner was returned to his former place, to be tried when the court should next sit.

CHAPTER VIII.

Observations on Magistrates.—The humane Recorder contrasted with his Predecessors.—Our Hero set to the Bar.—Account of his Trial.—He is found guilty of a capital Offence.

IT is observable, that men in power, who have long been in the executive department of the “merciless stern law,” in time grow callous in their minds, and cruel in their deportment, to culprits under their immediate dominion. A thousand instances might easily be produced to prove this proposition. The veteran magistrates of Middlesex are severe to a proverb, and most prisoners would much rather be taken before a city Alderman, or tried at the Old Bailey, than face a justice of Bow-street, or appear at the bar of the county session-house.

It was said by an accurate observer of human nature, that no man ought to be Recorder of London above three years; because, by frequent usage to scenes of wickedness, displayed by the report of witnesses, his mind is apt to harden, and become unfeeling, when real innocent distress presents itself. Sir William Moreton (to go back no further) might have been humane when he was elected to that office, but he long was a misanthropist before he died.

Unhappy

Unhappy was it for the prisoner when the hour of dinner drew nigh. He often sent a poor pilferer to America, that the dishes might not cool, and as frequently hanged the wretch, that himself and the jury might dine.

We fear his immediate successor was not quite free from this general charge, and even the patriotic Glyne himself altered more than the laws of the Medes and Persians in this respect, and swerved from the path of philanthropy as he grew old in office.

But as there is no rule so universal as not to meet an exception, so in the present case. James Adair, Esq. Serjeant at law, amply furnishes us with this happy exception. This gentleman has been near SEVEN YEARS in the office of Recorder, and yet to this moment remains as merciful a judge as ever sat on the bench at the Old Bailey. The prisoner before him needs no other advocate to plead his cause, if the nature of his case by any means will admit of an advocate at all. Humanity prevails in every question, and clemency constantly pervades his conduct to the criminal; and, even after guilt has been pronounced in court, he ever wishes to mingle mercy with judgement.

An act of greater mercy than strict justice, we noticed in the case of Mr. S——le, whose trials, the last session, were postponed through a mere quirk in law, exhibited by the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Agar. He argued, that the real substantive
name

name of S——le ought, though it did not, to have preceded all the borrowed or fictitious names laid in the several indictments. This plea, quibbling as it was, the humane Recorder readily admitted, though the mode of laying these bills exactly accorded with the practice of the court.

By this manœuvre our hero gained time, and a removal from imminent danger, even but for a few weeks, is desirable to one in his dreadful predicament; who, labouring with a consciousness of guilt, eagerly wants to put off the evil day. But, as has often been said, “Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.” Justice may have leaden heels, but she has sure steps.

On the second day of the sessions, which begun August 30th, one John Watson, of our hero's fraternity, was capitally convicted of an offence similar to that of S——le, in the case of the unfortunate baker, as before related; which we hope will have its due operation on the minds of the numerous swindlers about this metropolis.

The 2d of September proved “the great, the important day,” of our hero. He was again put to the bar, arraigned on several indictments, and pled *not guilty* to all. Several charges on which he was tried proving ineffectual to convict him, he was tried on another of a more capital nature.

The prisoner was indicted by name of *James George Semple*, otherwise *Harrold*, otherwise *Kennedy*, for having feloniously stolen a post-chaise, of the

the value of fifty pounds, the property of John Licett, in the county of Middlesex.

It appeared from the evidence of Mr. Licett, who is a coach-maker in Whitechapel, that the prisoner came to him by the name of Major Harrold, as recommended from the Saracen's Head, to hire a post-chaise for a week. This he readily obtained, and agreeing to pay six shillings *par diem*, immediately deposited the money.

Accordingly the Major was away a whole week; but how he occupied those seven days we can only judge from appearances and analogy. He returned July the 17th, 1786, seemed very brisk and brilliant, informed the master that he should soon want to take a northern tour, hoped his terms in future would be more reasonable, and ordered him to fit up a chaise with every fashionable convenience imaginable.

Mr. Licett agreed to lett the Major a carriage, thus fitted up, for five shillings a day, requiring him to pay for the extra expences, for which he deposited ten pounds.

On the first of September, our hero sent horses from the Saracen's Head, and set out on his journey, driven by one Deacon, the post-boy at the above inn; who leaving his master at Uxbridge with the chaise, returned to town with the horses.

Thus far and no father, are we able to trace the Major in his northern tour. Mr. Licett saw him no more till in custody when taken by Mr. Feltham, and

and never to the present moment has been able to cast his eyes on the chaise.

One Marchant, Mr. Licett's servant, proved the delivery of the chaise to the Major, speaking with great precision; and the above post-driver confirmed the evidence of the servant; proving also that he drove the prisoner to Uxbridge, and left the vehicle in his possession.

Mr. Garrow was counsel for the prisoner, and cross-examined the prosecutor and witnesses with great accuracy; but were this gentleman less eager and keen on such occasions, perhaps his end would be better answered.

The Recorder in this capital case called up all his philanthropy, and strove to impress humanity on the minds of the Jury, where he supposed a doubt might easily arise with regard to the evidence of a witness. The gentlemen, however, having duly considered the case, after a consultation of near half an hour, pronounced the prisoner GUILTY.

The Major's defence turned upon his having only *hired* the chaise, and having deposited the money required for the alterations in the carriage. But this was not a purchase, and he had no right to dispose of the chaise. That his intent was never to return it, is apparant from his after conduct.

In Sept. 1779, one Pierce was tried at the Old Bailey for obtaining a horse, under false pretences, and afterwards selling it for his own use. The jury found him guilty; but the case being new, it was

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left to the decision of the Judges, who confirmed the verdict, on the ground of the felonious intention of the prisoner, and he received sentence of death. He was afterwards respited, and being set at liberty by the rioters the summer following, received a free pardon on surrendering himself to the laws of his country.

We have now pursued our hero to the last stage. What remains we leave to the clemency of a Prince who delights in the God-like attribute of mercy.— Mean while, let others be cautioned by this example; and let those who have heedlessly swerved from the right way return, so that iniquity may not prove their ruin; remembering, that “ *Wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* ”



THE END.

